The Story of Typhon.

TYPHON, or a Rebel.

JUNO *being vex'd (ſay the Poets) that* Jupiter *had begotten* Pallas *by himſelf, without her, earneſtly preſſed all the other Gods and Goddeſſes that ſhe might alſo bring forth of her ſelf alone, without him; and having by Violence, and Importunity, obtain'd a Grant thereof, ſhe ſmote the Earth, and forthwith ſprang up* Typhon, *a huge and ſtrange Monſter: This ſtrange Birth ſhe commits to a Serpent, (as a Foſter-Father,) to nouriſh it; who no ſooner came to ripeneſs of Years, but he provokes* Jupiter *to Battle: In the Conflict the Giant getting the upper hand, takes* Jupiter *upon his Shoulders, carries him into a remote and obſcure Country, and (cutting out the Sinews of his Hands and Feet) brought them away, and ſo left him miſerably mangled and maimed. But* Mercury *recovering theſe Nerves from* Typhon *by ſtealth, reſtored them again to* Jupiter. Jupiter *being again, by this means, corroborated, aſſaults the Monſter afreſh, and at the firſt ſtrikes him with a Thunder-bolt, from whoſe Blood Serpents were ingendred. This Monſter at length fainting, and flying,* Jupiter *caſts on him the Mount* Ætna, *and with the Weight thereof cruſh'd him.* Sir *Fr. Bacon's* Wiſdom of the Antients, *Pag.* 3.

I.

TO *Britiſh* Anceſtry I trow,
Full many hundred Years ago,
This Legend it was told;
Yet Tales ſo little know Decay,
You'll think it paſt as Yeſterday
What I ſhall now unfold.

II.

One *Typhon* was a forward Blade
As ever follow'd Martial Trade,
And mainly laid about him;
He beat his Enemy full ſore,
And might, 'tis ſaid, have beat 'em more,
But that he ſcorn'd to rout 'em.

III.

Yet leſt you ſhould miſtake this ſame,
Nor know Don *Typhon* by his Name,
'Tis fit his Parents you know;
Now we are told, this ſturdy Wight
His Mother was Dame *Tellus* Hight,
And his She Father *Juno*.

IV.

'Tis odd how Females could combine,
Without Aſſiſtance Maſculine,
To form this fierce *Almanzor*;
But ſure as any thing 'tis true,
To ſhew what Female Art can do,
Two Women made this Man, Sir.

V.

When to a Serpent's Care conſign'd,
Her wily Turns with ſtudious Mind
He practis'd to attain;
Like Her, the ſtraiter Path abhorr'd,
Cheriſh'd like Her would ſting his Lord,
His only God was Gain.

VI.

Thus did his early Years portend
Where his maturer Age would end,
Which now came on amain;
For monſtrous Great the Mortal grew,
And juſt as other Mortals do,
As he grew Great, grew Vain.

VII.

They ſay, tho' others I exceed,
Cry'd he, in Mightineſs of Deed,
'Tis all the Work of *Jove*;
As miniſtring the vital Heat,
That gave my Pulſe their Pow'r to beat,
My Sinews force to move.

VIII.

Theſe many Limbs, this Junto Head,
Shall teach his Godſhip whom to dread
Spight of his Strength divine:
Either his Empire I'll obtain,
Or failing, force at leaſt his Reign,
Chaos, to yield to thine.

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IX.

He vaunted thus, he rav'd and ſwore,
And up his Mothers Bowels tore;
Tho', as ſome Authors ſay,
Inſtead of buffeting his Foe,
Therewith, as Giants us'd to do,
He pocketed the Clay.

X.

He raiſes now his Arm on high,
Nor ceaſt his bold Impiety,
Till ſeizing on his Prey;
Th' unguarded Godhead unawares
He claſps, and from the Body tears
The raviſh'd Nerves away.

XI.

The inſolent Offender's Pride
His high Authority decry'd
In vain reſents the God;
The Thunderbolt his Arm divine
Wou'd raiſe, the Task his Limbs decline,
And ſink beneath the Load.

XII.

When *Hermes*, with his Eagle's Eye,
Soon did his Maſter's Plight eſpy,
And to his Aid he came:
Sly *Mercury*, whoſe ſubtle Wit
Was known as ſoon the Mark to hit,
As to have taken Aim.

XIII.

Whoſe Rod, by wondrous Art, conveys
To all within its Circle, Eaſe,
But to himſelf alone;
Fraught with ſecure and ſweet Repoſe,
The Magick force has Pow'r to cloſe
Each Eye-lid but his own.

XIV.

And now he ſpread a Train of Sight
To do his injur'd Monarch Right;
When ſnatching up his Rod,
A Bit of the Celeſtial Wan,
I mean, with that alone he ran
To meet this *Hodmodod*.

XV.

To anſwer whether Choice or Chance
Depriv'd him of his Length of Lance,
Requires another *Solon*:
But yet it was agreed by All,
This little Remnant had, tho' ſmall,
The Virtue of the whole one.

XVI.

As *Talgol*, arming to prevent
The eager Maſtiff's fell Intent,
Takes a ſhort Bit of Flail,
And twirling it about his Sconce,
Batters poor *Towzer*, till at once
He drops, and turns his Tail.

XVII.

So far'd it you will find anon,
Between this mighty muſty Don
And little *Mercury*;
Who with an arch unlucky Stroke
Five of his many Noddles broke,
And of his Knuckles three.

XVIII.

Teaz'd and rebuk'd at ev'ry turn,
With gentler Fires began to burn
The Hero's raging Spight:
He fawn'd, for of a ſhifting Brain
Our *Towzer*, like the Mungril Strain,
As well cou'd Fawn as Bite.

XIX.

At length, when neither Art would move,
His Anger Fear, nor Courtſhip Love,
He to himſelf decreed
The ceaſleſs Pangs of conſcious Ill;
To *Hermes* left the precious Spoil,
And Pride of righteous Deed.

XX.

Jove's Majeſty again reſtor'd,
Soon made the Wiſe confeſs their Lord,
The Wilful feel their Doom:
He thunder'd, and Preſumption fled,
Deep covering her loathſome Head
In *Ætna*'s flaming Womb.

XXI.

Learn, ſaid the Godhead from above,
Learn, my Vicegerents, how to move,
And meditate my Fate;
Beware, leſt loading with Exceſs
Of Bounty, you your Selves depreſs,
While Monſters you create.

XXII.

But let an awful Diſtance ſtill,
Give juſt Obſervance to your Will,
And Force to your Decrees:
Diſtinction loſt engenders Scorn,
While Reverence of Diſtance born
With chearful Heart obeys.

XXIII.

His Talons, and his piercing Sight,
His ſharpen'd Beak, and dreaded Might,
In vain would he employ;
Did not the tow'ring Bird of *Jove*,
Exalted, ſpread his Wings above,
Nor ſtoop but to deſtroy.

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